





## NEWS CONDENSED.

Interesting Intelligence Gathered by Wire From All Parts of Both Hemispheres.

### MONDAY.

The first blizzard of the winter is raging in Minnesota.

The population of Berlin, including the suburbs, is 2,469,676, as compared with 2,076,946 in 1895.

Pat Crowe is a much-wanted man in Omaha, Neb., in connection with the Cudrhy kidnapping case.

Details are coming in of shipping disasters on the North Pacific coast. Several vessels were wrecked.

A tornado in Mississippi and Alabama did much damage to property in its path. Several lives were lost.

The Boer invasion of Cape Colony was a serious and well-planned affair. It is causing Great Britain much uneasiness.

Only one-ninth of the land in the Philippine archipelago has been brought under cultivation. There is no land tax.

Capt. Heygate, of the British army, is purchasing 50,000 cavalry horses and mules for the British army in South Africa.

Chinese officials say that China will accept all conditions in the powers' joint note without "losing her face." An answer is expected by Thursday.

Samuel McDonald, who shot and killed Frank H. Morris, auditor for the war department, at Washington, will likely die from his self-inflicted wounds.

The government of Chile, which recently invited tenders for 400 freight cars, has accepted 300 from Doeche & Co. and 100 from W. R. Grace & Co., all of American manufacture.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has sent a check for \$50,000 to the Colorado college within the last seven weeks. Dr. Pearsons has given \$300,000 to one other educational institution, but declines to state the name.

A detachment of the 9th United States cavalry attacked a large body of insurgents near Gulnabat, province of Albay. After the battle 45 dead Filipinos were counted, with many wounded. An American sergeant was wounded.

### SUNDAY.

Kimberley is seriously threatened by the Boers.

Secretary Root defended the army canteen before a congressional committee.

The British government will fight the Boers to the bitter end, although the public is weary of the war.

Between \$3,000 and \$4,000 was secured by a gang who dynamited the vault of the Dalton City (Ill.) bank.

Col. Asa Hild Gardner, district attorney of Greater New York, has been removed from office by Gov. Roosevelt.

The Coffee county bank at Manchester, Tenn., was robbed of over \$5,000. The money and one of the robbers were captured by a posse in pursuit.

The last obstacle having been removed, the joint note was signed by all the foreign ministers, including the envoy from the Netherlands, who arrived only recently.

John Joiner, a prominent farmer, of Saline county, Illinois, is under arrest charged with the hideous crime of having starved to death his little 12-year-old daughter, who is a cripple.

Frank H. Morris, auditor for the war department, was shot and killed by Samuel McDonald, a former disbursing clerk under the murdered officer. McDonald then turned the pistol on himself, but was not seriously injured. He then pulled a knife to cut his throat. He was captured and taken to the hospital.

### SATURDAY.

Ex-Congressman John H. Brewer, of New Jersey, is dead.

Ex-Gov. Wolcott died at his home in Boston of typhoid fever.

New York gambling houses are to be closed until further notice.

A temporary receiver has been appointed for the American bank of Baltimore.

Secretary Hay instructed Minister Conger to sign the joint note of the powers in China.

Congressman Richard A. Wise died at his home in Williamsburg, Va., of Bright's disease.

The schooner Jennie Hall stranded near Cape Henry, Va. The captain and two seamen drowned.

Germany will issue memorial coins celebrating the 200th anniversary of the establishment of the kingdom of Prussia.

Gen. Francis V. Greene, of New York, will be chief marshal of the inaugural parade in Washington March 4 next.

The river and harbor bill is completed. It carries approximately \$60,000,000, the second largest appropriation on record.

The telegraphers' strike on the Santa Fe road has been declared off. No concessions were asked by the men or made by the company.

It has been proven that James Lewis, who was lynched at Gulfport, Miss., for the murder of Town Marshal Richardson, was innocent. He unfortunately bore the same name of the real murderer.

Virtually all the districts of Cape Colony in the vicinity of the Orange river are in more or less open revolt. It is likely that sharp fighting on a large scale will take place before the invasion is crushed.

### FRIDAY.

Great Britain is preparing to send more troops to South Africa.

All the foreign envoys in Peking have signed the joint note to China.

August Belmont, who has been ill of typhoid fever, is now rapidly improving.

The czar of Russia has recovered sufficiently to assume control of the government.

There is an oversupply of canned goods and the output will be curtailed next year.

An American warship will be sent to Venezuela to protect American interests there.

Secretary Root has approved the selection of a site four miles from Des Moines, Ia., for the new army post.

The Russian bank is endeavoring to raise a loan in New York for the purpose of rebuilding the Manchuria railroad.

John W. Yerkes, appointed commissioner of internal revenue, took the oath of office and entered upon his new duties.

Supreme court of Illinois declines unconstitutional the law guaranteeing the rights of employees to belong to labor unions.

Millionaire Edward Cudahy paid \$25,000 in gold for the ransom of his kidnapped son. He offers \$25,000 reward for the capture of the abductors.

The directors of the Chicago and Northwestern railway have determined upon a permanent pension system for its 27,000 employees of the road.

The Boer invasion of Cape Colony is spreading. The Boers occupy Colerburg. Gen. DeWet had 6,000 men and 18,000 horses when he captured Dewetdorp.

### JAMES LEWIS LYNCHED.

The Murderer of Marshal Richardson at Gulfport, Hanged on a Tree by a Mob.

New Orleans, Dec. 21.—James Lewis was hanged by an orderly mob shortly before noon Thursday on a tree near the Louisville and Nashville depot at Gulfport, near the spot where he shot down Town Marshal Richardson Wednesday afternoon. Lewis was captured by officers with bloodhounds early Thursday morning. Gulfport is a suburban resort frequented by the people of New Orleans.

New Orleans, Dec. 22.—That the Negro lynched Thursday morning by a Gulfport mob was guiltless of any complicity in the killing of City Marshal Richardson, of that town, has been absolutely proved, and the better class of citizens there deplore the error greatly.

### BATTLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Detachment of the Ninth Cavalry Attacked a Large Body of Insurgents Near Gulnabat.

Manila, Dec. 24.—Advice brought Sunday by steamer from Southern Luzon say that a lieutenant and 60 men of the 9th United States cavalry attacked a large body of insurgents last Wednesday near Gulnabat, province of Albay. After the battle 45 dead insurgents were counted, together with many wounded.

The only American casualty was the wounding of a sergeant, who was cornered by several rebels, and struck in the leg by a bolo. The rebel loss was the heaviest recorded among the recent encounters.

The cutting of the wires has delayed the official report of the engagement.

### MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Dec. 22.

CATTLE—Common \$2 50 @ 3 50  
Extra butchers 4 75 @ 4 85  
HOGS—Extra 4 75 @ 5 00  
Mixed packers 4 85 @ 4 95  
SHEEP—Extra 3 25 @ 3 50  
LAMBS—Extra 5 10 @ 5 25  
FLOUR—Spring pat. 3 90 @ 4 20  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 78 @ 78 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 34 @ 34 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 24 @ 24  
RICE—No. 2 14 @ 14  
HAY—Best timothy 14 50 @ 14 50  
PORK—Family 12 65 @ 12 65  
LARD—Steam 6 80 @ 6 80  
BUTTER—Ch. dairy 24 1/2 @ 24 1/2  
Choice creamery 25 @ 25  
APPLES—Ch. to fancy 2 75 @ 3 00  
POTATOES—Per brl. 1 50 @ 1 60  
TOBACCO—New 10 00 @ 11 25  
Old 12 00 @ 14 75

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 65 @ 3 80  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 72 @ 74 1/2  
No. 3 spring 66 @ 71  
CORN—No. 2 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2  
RICE—No. 2 14 @ 14  
PORK—Mess 11 12 1/2 @ 11 25  
LARD—Steam 6 90 @ 6 95

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 60 @ 3 90  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 72 @ 74 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 24 @ 25 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 24 @ 25 1/2  
RICE—No. 2 14 @ 14  
PORK—Family 14 50 @ 15 00  
LARD—Steam 7 35 @ 7 35

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red 72 1/2 @ 73 1/2  
Southern 68 @ 72  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 41 1/2 @ 42  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 28 1/2 @ 29  
CATTLE—Butchers 4 75 @ 5 00  
HOGS—Western 5 30 @ 5 40

Louisville.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 4 25 @ 4 70  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 72 @ 75  
CORN—Mixed 41 @ 41  
OATS—Mixed 26 @ 26  
PORK—Mess 12 00 @ 12 00  
LARD—Steam 7 00 @ 7 00

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red 73 1/2 @ 73 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 27 @ 27  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 24 1/2 @ 24 1/2

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for December 30, 1900—Review.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]  
THE LESSON TEXT.  
[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]  
GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Psa. 65:11.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the first place we are to recall that Jesus was the Son of God. This gives authority to His teachings. His coming was heralded by the angels. His star was seen by the wise men of the east, and other signs showed that He was no ordinary man, but the promised Messiah sent to redeem His people, and having in Himself the essence of the Divine nature.

He was the Son of Man, being a lineal descendant of David, king of Israel, and having for His mother the Virgin Mary. Being the Son of Man, "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." This gives us affinity with Jesus Christ and furnishes the promise that through Him, the God-Man, we may rise above our lower and meaner selves and come into fellowship with all that is divine.

Recall the opportunities of the time of Jesus' coming. This was no accident, but a part of the divine plan. There has been no other period in all history when all the nations of the known civilized world were included in one great empire, and this under Roman rule. This meant universal peace, that there was one language that could be generally understood, and easy access to all parts. The Jews had gone into every land, and being an essentially religious people, carried with them the Old Testament writings as we know them.

Recall the childhood and youth of Jesus and His probable surroundings, advantages and otherwise. Remember that all Jewish children had abundant opportunity to become familiar with the Scriptures, and that at Nazareth, His childhood home and a sort of international crossroads, He would come into contact with all types of people. Into the midst of all this place the picture of the boy Jesus at the age of 12, seeking to learn of the Jewish rabbis, and the purpose of His life which was thus early brought out by the question: "Wilt ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Then comes the introduction to His public ministry. The first event was the preaching of John the Baptist, then the baptism of Jesus; thirdly, the descent of the Holy Spirit, and last, His temptation in the wilderness. For 40 days He thought and prayed and fasted. Here with His life before Him He was met by the three greatest temptations that could come to a man of His human temperament and capacities. The first was the temptation to command the stones to become bread. This may be interpreted as the temptation to put physical and material things above that which is spiritual. The second was to cast Himself from a pinnacle into the crowded court of the temple. This would have gained Him immediate recognition, but not so could He become the redeemer of the world.

The last temptation was to become the recognized ruler of all the kingdoms of the earth. This was a subtle temptation, for He had come to establish His kingdom on earth. It was the temptation of power and involved the putting of Satan in the place of God. We are not to suppose that the temptations of Jesus were not genuine. He was human as well as divine, and these temptations were the battles between the two natures for supremacy, and the divine triumphed.

Jesus' ministry extended over parts of at least three years. The first year was the year of beginnings. At Cana of Galilee He performed His first miracle. At Jerusalem He accomplished His first reform by driving out of the temple the money changers. His first recorded discourse was contained in the conversation with Nicodemus. His first great ministry was in Judea. It was during this year that He began gathering about Him a body of disciples. It was from among these disciples that He afterwards chose 12 to be apostles.

The second year was the year in which He laid down the great fundamental principles of the kingdom of heaven. These are contained mainly in the Sermon on the Mount. Very briefly in the Beatitudes Jesus points out those who will come into the kingdom.

The third year was one of many notable events, and early in it there began to show signs of gathering opposition. It was during this year that John the Baptist was beheaded. Then we have the rejection of Jesus at Nazareth, the sending forth of the Twelve and the feeding of the five thousand. The main discourses of this year were: On the Sabbath, on humility, on welcoming sinners, to the rich young ruler and the talk at the home of Zacchaeus. The notable parables uttered included that of the great supper, the lost sheep, the lost coin, the prodigal son, the unjust steward, the rich man and Lazarus, and the pounds. It was in this year that His transfiguration occurred.

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### CAT RETRIEVES BIRDS.

Wonderful Stories Told of Wuzzy, Clever Pet of a Well-Known California Hunter.

Wuzzy, a cat owned by Maj. Lambert, a California hunter, retrieves the birds shot by his master. He is carried to the field perched on Maj. Lambert's shoulder. When the major brings a bird down Wuzzy leaps to the ground and is off like a shot. He finds the bird and immediately comes bounding back through the grass and lays the game at his master's feet.

"While Wuzzy will retrieve every sort of bird I bring down he will not as yet touch squirrels or rabbits," says Maj. Lambert, "and as he has the antipathy for water common to his kind he will not venture into streams after birds. He has become so passionately fond of the hunt that he bitterly resents being left behind. He does not yet understand that all birds are not game. On a recent hunting trip he espied a dove on a small limb, and, crouching, began lashing his tail in perfect tiger fashion. When I had sighted the bird, flushed it, and brought it down, he was off swifter than a dog, and grasped the fluttering dove almost as soon as it touched the ground.

"Before I had the dove strung on my game carrier I saw Wuzzy crouching again, and it was some little time before I saw that his eyes were fixed on a little brown wren. Of course, I didn't shoot and Wuzzy appeared greatly disgusted because I did not bring the wren down. I was the first to sight the next bird and flushed and dropped a meadow lark, while Wuzzy was looking in another direction. At the sound of the gun he was off, and was circling around the field like a dog and in a few minutes had found the bird and brought it back to me."

Not only is Wuzzy a good hunter, but he is extremely affectionate and lovable, and at home, when his mistress caresses him, he returns the favor with gentle pats from his velvet paws.

### FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW.

Jimmy Crow Becomes Self-Sustaining Very Soon After His Mother's Initial Caw.

The picture here given is the portrait of a little colored creature who has relatives all over the United States. His name is James Crow, but when you get to know him you may as well call him Jim.

Just a month before this picture was taken his mother, Mrs. Crow, was sitting on five dark-green eggs which lay in a large nest of sticks which she had built in the top of a tall pine tree. She had been sitting there for about two weeks, when suddenly she heard one of the eggs go "crack," and out from among the broken shells stepped Jimmy Crow. Pretty soon his four little brothers and sisters made their way out of the other eggs, and then Mr. and Mrs. Crow were kept busy from dawn until dark bringing food for the babies. When the plainies were a month old they were fully feathered, and, feeling

able to look after themselves, away they flew. But it was not at all easy at first to find food whenever they were hungry, and they were very glad when their parents brought them a mouthful now and then. Whenever Jimmy saw his mother coming he hopped his little wings, opened his mouth and yelled: "Caw, caw, caw," at the top of his voice, to make her hurry up. This picture was taken as he sat on a fence waiting for his supper.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Wild Animals Fear Fire.

All really wild animals have an in-born dread of fire, partly on account of novelty and partly through the memory, inherited or otherwise, of prehistoric forest fires. An animal may, however, become more or less familiar with fire, and still be in the wild state, such, for instance, as lions, tigers, hyenas and wolves, accustomed to seek their prey near the habitations of men. There are cases on record of such animals showing little if any fear of fire. Travelers have also observed that monkeys soon get used to it, and will even come and warm themselves at a deserted camp fire. They see the sticks burning, but they never think of putting fresh ones on.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Ellen, has George come home from school yet?" enquired Mrs. Snaggs to her servant. "Yes, ma'am," came back the answer. "Where is he?" "I haven't seen him." "How do you know, then, that he is at home?" "Because the cat's a-hidin' under the dresser."

New Names for the Zones.

"How many zones have we, Willie?" asked the teacher of a pupil in the junior class. "Four," was the reply. "Well, then, name the four," said the teacher. "The frigidated, the horrid, the temperance and the intemperance," answered the little fellow.

Calling for Supper.

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### FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

South African Baboon Attacks a Man and is Vanquished Only After a Prolonged Battle.

Face to face on the mountain side a man and an ape battled to the death. It was in South Africa, in that part of Cape Colony inhabited chiefly by Boers. And the man that battled with the ape was of that race which defied the power of Britain.

His name is Van Niekerk. The encounter took place on his own farm. The ape was of the baboon variety. It was almost as large as the farmer and possessed the strength of four men.

There had been good success and the dogs were keyed up by victory when an unusually large male baboon was espied clambering down a precipice. When he reached the bottom the pack assailed him with great fury, and the men by common consent rested on their rifles to watch the combat.

It was a fine spectacle. The baboon seemed to enjoy himself. But what was play to him was death to the dogs. They began to retire from the arena one by one, whimpering and licking their wounds. Some had their bones laid bare. One or two were disemboweled.

A huge hound which had no rival on the field in the chase of big game had his throat ripped open and ran to crouch at his master's feet with eyes glazing and blood spurting from his jugular vein.

The situation was becoming serious, for among the remaining dogs were some valuable animals and the baboon was gradually retreating toward safety.

Fearing to fire lest he should injure the dogs, Van Niekerk plunged into the melee, armed only with a knife.

As the farmer rushed forward the ape swung with his right. No cat ever dealt a swifter blow, and yet the wary farmer managed to throw up his shoulder to meet it.

He was knocked down like a ninepin, but if it had not been for his quick defense he would have received the blow on the point of the jaw and that would have been the end of him.

As it was, he scrambled to his feet before the baboon had time to leap upon him, and when the brute cast his hairy arms about him he delivered an upward lunge in the Mexican fashion and plunged his knife to the hilt in the big monkey's body.—N. Y. World.

### THE KING OF DOGS.

Nero, a Vermont Mastiff, is Considered the Largest Canine Now Living in the World.

In the town of Rutland, Vt., lives Nero, a huge German and English mastiff, who enjoys the distinction of being probably the largest dog in the world.

Nero is owned by Judge Wayne Bailey, of Rutland, who is very fond of his pet. From tip to tip Nero measures seven feet four inches, and he tips the scales at 285 pounds.

He stands nearly three feet in height, and he measures round his girth 32 inches. The circumference of his brass collar is 32 inches, and his foreleg measures 16 1/2 inches.

Nero is very fond of the fair sex, and is a special favorite with ladies and children.

But when a strange man approaches his kennel, in Judge Bailey's back yard, let him beware, for Nero is not partial to strangers.

One day a peddler visited the judge's house, and when Mrs. Bailey refused to buy of his wares, he threw himself in a fit of rage upon the floor. Mrs. Bailey called Nero, and with a bound the mastiff came to her rescue. The peddler went away in a hurry.

Nero's daily rations consist of a big pan of cornmeal and milk. This is his only meal, and, strange to say, for so large a dog he has a light appetite.

Judge Bailey has been offered large sums for Nero, but has never shown any desire to part with him.

In Rutland Nero is a prime favorite with all who know him.—Youth's Companion.

Canary Kills a Mouse.

The canary is the most timid of birds, and it is not unusual for one to die out of sheer fright, or from the shock of a loud report. But there are exceptions to all rules. A long island man has a canary and the other day a mouse got into his cage and attacked it. Instead of succumbing at once, the canary bird showed fight. The bird used its beak on the mouse's head, and, although bitten about the legs in several places, generally succeeded in getting away after each attack, and in the end succeeded in killing his foe. After the battle the gallant little bird mounted its highest perch and sang joyously for several minutes, as if celebrating its victory. When the man was removing the dead mouse from the cage, the canary jumped from its perch and again dug its beak into its late adversary's head, and then remounted its perch to resume its song of triumph.

Love Feels No Yoke.

God's will is no gregat as tied, high as heaven, yet as easy as to For love knows no hardness and no yoke.—Heury Drummmond.

Lead Is Not Into Temptation.

It is poor religious exercise balancing on one foot on the edge of sin.—Ram's Horn.

To Make the Most of Yourself.

The Lord makes the most of what is unrecruitedly surrendered to Him.—F. R. Havergal.



### ABIDE WITH ME.



## JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Hold hard! You talk as furiously as if you saw such a scene before your eyes."

"Your horse brings up all the chivalric tales I have ever read. If these were knightly days, and two brothers in arms, like you and myself, ever rescued distressed damsels from the grip of evil spirits, we ought to be mounted upon a pair of Don Quixotes when we rode the miscreants down."

"The fine sensitiveness of a poet like Brent makes a prophet of him,—that is to say, a man who has the poet's delicate insight into character anticipates everything that character will do. So Brent was never surprised; though I confess I was, when I found men, horses, and places doing what he had hinted long before."

"Well," continued I, "I paid two years' work for my horse. Was it too much? Is he worth it?"

"Everything is worth whatever one gives for it. The less you get, the more you get. Proved by the fact that the price of all life is death. Jacob served seven years for an ugly wife; why shouldn't an honest man serve two for a beautiful horse?"

"Jacob, however, had a pretty wife thrown in when he showed discontent."

"Perhaps you will. If the Light of the Harem of Sultan Brigham (Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church—"Latter Day Saints," as they call themselves—had as many wives as a Sultan of Turkey), should see you prancing on that steed, she would make one bound to your crupper and leave a dark where the light was."

"I do not expect to develop a taste for Mormon ladies."

"It is not very likely. They are a second-hand set. But still one can imagine some luckless girl with a dolish father; some old chap who had outlived his hopes at home, and fancied he was going to be Melchisedec, Moses, and Abraham, rolled into one, in Utah, toted out there by some beastly Elder, who wanted the daughter for his thirteenth. That would be a chance for you and Don Fulano to interfere. I'll promise you myself and Pumps. If you want to stomp anybody's wives from the New Jerusalem as we go through."

"I suppose we have no time to lose. If we expect to make Missouri before winter."

"No. We will start as soon as you are ready."

"To-morrow morning. If you please."

"To-morrow it is."

"To-morrow it is. Having a comrade, I need not wait for the mail-riders. Lucky that I did not. They came only three days after us. But on the Humboldt, the Indians met them, and obliged them to doff the tops of their heads, as a mark of respect to Indian civilization."

We started, two men and seven animals. Each of us had a pack mule and a roadster pony, with a spare one, in case accident should befall either of his wiry brethren.

Pumps and Fulano, as good friends as their masters, trotted along without burden. We rode there rarely. Only often enough to remind them how a saddle feels, and that dangling legs are not frightful. They must be fresh, if we should ever have to run for it. We might; Indians might catch fainting glances at the tops of our heads. The other horses might give out. So Pumps, with his fantastic dancing-step, that would not crush a grasshopper, and Fulano, grander, prouder, and still untamable to any one but me, went on waiting for their time of action.

I skip the first thousand miles of our journey. Not that it was not exciting, but it might be anybody's journey. Myriads have made it. It is an old story. I might perhaps make it a new story; but I crowd on now to the proper spot where the drama is to be enacted. The play halts while the scenes shift.

One figure fills up to my mind this whole hiatus of the many-leagued skip. I see Brent every step and every moment. He was a model comrade.

Camp-life tests a man thoroughly. Common toll, hardship, peril, and sternly common vintages of pork, dough-cakes, and coffee sans (in French word meaning without) everything, are a daily ordeal of good-nature. It is not hard for two men to be civil across a clean white tablecloth at a club. If they feel dull, they can study the carte; if spiteful, they can row the steward; if angry, they can nuzzle themselves cheerful; if they bore each other, finally and hopelessly, they can exchange cigars and part for all time, and still be friends, not foes. But the illusions of sham good-fellowship vanish when the carte du jour is pore fit an naturel, dumber a discretion, and cafe a rien, always the same fare, plain days or lucky days, served on a blanket, on the ground.

Brent and I stood the test. He was a model comrade, cavalier, poet, hunter, naturalist, cook. If there was any knowledge, skill, craft, or sleight of hand or brain wanted, it always seemed as if his whole life had been devoted to the one study to gain it. He would spring out of his blankets after a night under the stars, improvise a matin (morning) song to Lucifer, sketch the morning's view into cloudland and the morning's earthly horizon, take a shot at a gray wolf, book a new plant, bag a new beetle,

and then, reeling on the lonely prairie, talk our breakfast, whose cook he had been, so full of Eden, Sybaris, the holocausts of Achilles, the tridolus of Lucullus, the intonation tables of the Oed de Boent, the ebullients of the Freres Provencaux, and the dinners of civilization where the wise and the witty meet to shine and sparkle for the beautiful, that our meager provender suffered "change into something rich and strange;" the flukes of fried pork became peacocks' tongues, every quail of tough toasted dough a vol au vent, and the coffee that never saw milk or muscovado a divine porridge than ever was sipped on the sunny summits of Olympus. (Place where the Greeks thought the gods lived.) Such a magellan (one who can do miracles) is priceless. Every object, when he looked at it, seemed to revolve about and exhibit its bright side. Difficultly skulked away from him. Danger cowered under his eye.

Nothing could damp his enthusiasm. Nothing could drench his ardor. No drenching his energy. He never growled, never skulked, never snapped, never blinched. Frosty nights on the Sierra tried to crimp him; foggy mornings in the valleys did their worst to chill him; showers shrunk his backskin and soaked the manes of his saddle to mere pulp; rain pelted his blankets in the bivouac till he was a moist island in a muddy lake. Bah, elements! try it on a milkmaid not on John Brent, the invulnerable. Hit somebody else, then grizzly child of Erebus!

Brent was closer to Nature than any man I ever knew. Not after the manner of an artist. The artist can hardly escape a certain technicality. He looks at the world through the spectacles of his style. He loves mist and hazy sunshine, or loves brooks and shrinks from the gloom of forests primeval, or adores meadows and haystacks, and dreads the far-sweeping plain and the sovran snow-peak. Even the greatest artist runs a risk, which only the greater than greatest escape, of sulking Nature to themselves, not themselves to Nature. Brent with Nature was like a youth with the maiden he loves. She was always his love, whatever she could do; however dressed, in clouds or sunshine, unchanging fair; in whatever mood, weeping or smiling, at her sweetest; grand, beautiful for her grandeur; tender, beautiful for her tenderness; simple, lovely for her simplicity; careless, prettier than if she were trim and artful; rough, potent, and impressive, a barbaric queen.

It is not a charming region, that breadth of the world between the Foolomner Mine and the Great Salt Lake. Much is dusty desert; much is dreary plain, bushed with wild sage, the wretchedest plant that grows, much is rugged mountain. A grim and desolate waste. But large and broad. Unbroken and undisturbed, in its solemn solitude, by prettiness. No thought of cottage life there, or of the tame, limited, submissive civilization that hangs about huddles and trellises, and puts its chirping pleasures, keeping life as near the cradle as it may. It is a region that appeals to the go and the gallop, that even the veriest cuckey (foolish city chap), who never saw beyond a vista of blocks (rows of houses), can not eliminate from his being. It does not order man to sink into a ploughman. Ploughmen may tarry in those dull, boundless plough-fields, the prairie lands of mid-America. These desert spaces, ribbed with barren ridges, stretch from the Redoubt (name of a tribe of Arabs in the desert) tread of those who

"Love all waste and solitary places, where we taste the pleasure of believing what we see is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

It may be a dreary region; but the great white clouds in the moon of that splendid September, the red dawns before us, the red twilight behind, the vague mountain lines upon the far horizon, the sharp crag lines near at hand, the lambent stars that lit our bivouacs, the moon that paled the lambent stars—all these had, their glory, intenser because each fact came simple and alone, and challenged study and love with a force that shames the spendthrift exuberance of fuller landscapes.

In all this time I learned to love this man John Brent, as I had loved the boy; but as mature man loves man. I have known no more perfect union than that of friendship. Nothing so tender in any of my transitory loves for women. We were two who thought alike, but saw differently, and never quarreled because the shield was to him gold and to me silver. (This refers to the story of a shield that was gold on one side and silver on the other. Two men came up to it on opposite sides. One said, "What a beautiful golden shield." The other said, "You fool, it is silver." So they quarreled and fought, though both were right.) Such a friendship justifies life. All had faith in worth encountering for the sake of such good faith—all cold shoulder for such warm heart.

And so I bring our little party over the first half of its journey. I will not even delay to describe Utah, not even for its water-melons' sake, though that tri-color daintily greatly gladdened our dry jaws, as we followed the valley from Box Elder, the northernmost settlement, to the City of the Great Salt Lake.

In a few days of repose we had exhausted Mormon civilization, and, horses and men fresh and in brave heart, we rode out of the modern Mecca, one glorious day of early October.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### JAKE SHAMBERLAIN.

If Heaven's climate approaches the perfect charm of an American October, I accept my place in advance, and book my lodgings for eternity.

The climate of the best zone in America is transcendent for its purpose. Its purpose is to keep men at their keenest, at high edge and high ardor all the time. Then, for exulting luxury of repose, when ardent summer has relieved its harvest, and all the measure of the year is full, comes ripe October, with its golden, shimmering air. The atmosphere is visible sunshine. Every leaf in the forest changes to a resplendent blossom. The woods are rich and splendid, but not glaring. Nothing breaks the tranquil wealthy sentiment of the time. It is the year's delightful holiday.

In such a season we rode through the bare dolles of the Wasatch Mountains, wall of Utah on the east. We passed Echo Canyon, and the other strait gates and rough ways through which the Latter-Day Saints win an entrance to their Zion.

We met them in throngs, hard at work at such whirling. The summer emigration of Mormons was beginning to come in. No one would have admitted their claim to sainthood from their appearance. Saints, if I know them, are clean—are not ragged, are not even patched. Their garments renew themselves, shed rain like a muckintosh, repel dust, sweeten unsavouriness. These sham saints needed unlimited scolding, persons and raiment. We passed them, when we could, to windward. Poor creatures! we shall see more of their kindred anon.

We hastened on, for our way was long, and autumn's hospitable days were few. Just at the foot of these bare, lumpy mounds of mountain by which the Wasatch range tones off into the great plains between it and the Rockies, we overtook the Salt Lake mail party going eastward. They were travelling light or ten men strong, with a four-mule wagon, and several horses and mules driven beside for relays.

"If Jake Shamberlain is the captain of the party," said Brent, when we caught sight of them upon the open, "we'll join them."

"Who is Jake Shamberlain?"

"A happy-go-lucky fellow, whom I have met and recognized all over the world. He has been a London policeman. He was pulling strokes on the captain's gig that took me ashore from a dinner on board the Firefly, British steamer, at the Piræus. He has been a lay brother in a Carthusian convent. He married a pretty girl in Boston once, went off on a tackerel trip, and when he came back the pretty girl had bigamized (been converted to the doctrine that it is a man's right and duty to have more than one wife). That made Mormon and polygamist of him. He came out two or three years ago, and, being a thriving fellow, has got to himself lands and heaves and wives without number. Biddulph and I stayed several days with him when we came through in the summer. His ranch is down the valley, toward Provo. He owns half the United States mail contract. They told me in the city that he intended to run this trip himself. You will see an odd compound of a fellow."

"I should think so; policeman, man-of-war's man, Yankee husband, Mormon! Has he come to his finality?"

"He thinks so. He is a shrewd fellow of many summerings. He says there are only two logical religions in the civilized world—the Popish and the Mormon. Those two are only ones that have any basis in authority. His convent experience disenchanted him with Catholicism. He is quite irreverent, is the estimable Jake. He says monks are a set of stuffy old reprobates. He says that he found celibacy (celibacy is the unmarried state required for Catholic priests) tended to all manner of low vice; that monogamy disappointed him; so he tried the New Revelation, polygamy and all, and has become an ardent propagandist and exhorter. Take the man as he is, and he has plenty of brave, honest qualities."

We had by this time ridden up to the mail party. They were moving slowly along. The night's camping-spot was near. It was a bit of grassy level on the bank of a river, galloping over the pebbles with its mountain impetus still in it—Green River, perhaps; Green, or White, or Big Sandy, or Little Stony. My map of memory is veiled with so many such streams, all going in a hurry through barren plains, and no more than drains on a water-shed, that I confuse their indistinguishable names. Such mere business-like water-courses might as well be numbered, after the fashion of the monotonous streets of a city, too new for the consecration of history. Dear New England's beloved brooks and rivers, slow through the meadows and beneath the elms, tumbling and cascading down the mountain-sides from under the darkling henlocks into the sparkle of moon, and leaping into white water between the files of Northern birches—they have their well-remembered titles, friendly and domestic, or of sturdy syllables and wilderness sound. Such waters have spilled me for gutters—Colorado, Arkansas, Platte, and Missouri. (To be continued.)

Hermuda provides beautiful roads for cyclists. The roadways are of coral, smooth as the floor of a bedroom, and as clean as it is possible for any road to be. The delights of a spin on one's bike in the neighborhood of any city in these delightful isles are beyond comparison.

## SACRIFICES OF GOD.

Dr. Talmage Preaches an Appropriate Christmas Sermon.

The Lord's Gift of His Son Through His Love of Man for the World's Discontentment—Mission of the Saviour.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes in a new way the sacrifices made for the world's discontentment and deliverance. His text is I. John iv., 10: "God is love."

Perilous undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak, nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinites. We would not dare to say whether His omnipotence, or omniscience, or omnipresence, or immutability, or wisdom, or justice, or love is the greater attribute, but the one mentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Prof. Elehorn asserted, but you can tell by the repetition in the epistle and the rambling style that he called grown people "little children" that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul, in midlife mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars hill, said nothing stronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text: "God is love."

Indeed the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient and aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates: "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God, but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the justice of God.

Far back in the eternities there came a time when God would express one emotion of His nature which was yet unexpressed. He had made more worlds than were seen by the ancients from the top of the Egyptian pyramid, which was used as an observatory, and more worlds than modern astronomy has catalogued or described through microscope lens. All that showed the Lord's slowness, but it gave no demonstration of His love. He might make 50 Saturns and a hundred Jupiters and not demonstrate an instant of love. That was an unknown passion and the secret of the universe. It was a suppressed emotion of the great God. But there would come a time when this passion of infinite love would be declared and illustrated. God would velle it no longer. After the clock of many centuries had run down and worlds had been born and demolished on a comparatively obscure star a race of human beings would be born and who, though so bountifully provided for that they ought to have behaved themselves well, went into insurrection and conspiracy and revolt and war—finite against infinite, weak arm against thunderbolt, man against God.

If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination, complete extermination, of these offenders of Jehovah. But no! Who is that coming out of the throne room of Heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens He comes till He reaches the cold air of a December night in Palestine, and amid the bleatings of sheep and the lowing of cattle and the moaning of camels and the bawling of herdsmen takes his first sleep on earth and for 33 years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and Heaven. They were the longest 33 years ever known in Heaven. Among many high intelligences, what impatience to get Him back! The Infinite Father looked down and saw His Son slumped and split on and snapperless and homeless, and then, amid horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, His body and soul parted. And all for what? Why allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrow and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was because "God is love."

Now, there is nothing beautiful in a shipwreck. We go down to look at the battered and split plank of an old ship on Long Island or New Jersey coast. It excites our interest. We wonder when and where it came ashore, and whether it was the recklessness of a pilot or a storm before which nothing could hear up. Human nature wrecked may interest the inhabitants of other worlds as a curiosity, but there is nothing lovely in that which has foundered on the rocks of sin and sorrow. Yet it was in that condition of moral break up that Heaven moved to the rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was harmony pitying discord. It was a living God putting His arms around a recreant world.

The schoolmen deride the idea that God has emotion. They think it would be a Divine weakness to be stirred by any earthly spectacle. The God of the learned Bruch and Schleiermacher is an infinite intelligence, without feeling, a cold and cheerless divinity. But the God we worship is one of sympathy and compassion and helpfulness and affection. "God is love."

In all the Bible there is no more consolatory statement. The very best people have in their lives occurrences inexpressible. They are bereft or persecuted or impoverished or invalided. They

have only one child, and that dies, while the next door neighbor has seven children, and they are all spared. The unfortunate buy at a time when the market is rising and the day after the market falls. At a time when they need to feel the best for the discharge of some duty they are seized with physical collapse. Trying to do a good and honest and useful thing, they are misrepresented and belied as if they had practiced a villainy. These are people who all their lives have suffered injustices. Others of less talent, with less consecration, go on and up, while they go on and down. There are in many lives riddles that have never been solved, mysteries that have never been explained, heartbreaks that have never been healed. Go to that man or that woman with philosophic explanation, and you will make matters worse instead of making them better. But let the oceanic tide of the text roll in that soul, and all its worriments and losses and disasters will be submerged with blessing, and the sufferer will say: "I cannot understand the reason for my troubles, but I will some day understand. And they do not come by accident. God allows them to come, and 'God is love.'"

But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just think of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the shomaniations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mohammed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Shashtra and the Zend-Avesta that would crowd out of the world the Holy Scriptures! Look at war, digging its trenches for the dead across the hemispheres! See the great cities, with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemies assail the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If justice had spoken, it would have said: "The world deserves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If immutability had spoken, it would have said: "Have always been opposed to wickedness and always will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite, and away with it." If omniscience had spoken, it would have said: "I have watched that planet with minute and comprehensive inspection, and I cannot have the offense longer continued." If truth had spoken, it would have said: "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But divine love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollution. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see no assuagement of those sufferings. I will go down and reform the world. I will mediate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I will become incarnate. I will take on my shoulders and upon my brow and into my heart the consequences of the world's misbehavior. I start now, and between my arrival at Bethlehem and my ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and die their death. Farewell, my throne, my crown, my scepter, my angelic environment, my Heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when He was conquered by His own love. "God is love."

In this day, when the creeds of churches are being revised, let more emphasis be put upon the thought of my text. Let it appear at the beginning of every creed and at the close. The ancients used to tell of a great military chieftain who, about to go to battle, was clad in armor, helmet on head and sword at side, and who put out his arms to give farewell embrace to his child, and the child, affrighted at his appearance, ran, shrieking, away. Then the father put off the armor that caused the alarm, and the child saw who he was and ran into his arms and snuggled against his heart. Creeds must not have too much iron in their make up, terrorizing rather than attracting. They must not hide the smiling face and the warm heart of our Father, God. Let nothing imply that there is a sheriff at every door ready to make arrest, but over us all and around us all a mercy that wants to save, and save now.

If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Oh, what a mother we have in God! And my text is the lullaby song to us when we are ill, or when we are maltreated, or when we are weary, or when we are trying to do better, or when we are bereft, or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers: "God is love!"

This was the reason the Bible was written. The world needs no inspired sage to tell it that God will chastise sin, for that is proved in the life of many an offender. You can look through the wicket of any prison and see the fact which the world understood thousands of years before Solomon wrote it: "The way of the transgressor is hard." The world needed no Bible to tell it that God is omnipotent, for anyone who has seen Mont Blanc or Niagara or the Atlantic ocean in a cyclone knows that. The world needed no Bible to tell it of God's wisdom, for everything, from a spider's web to the upholstery of a summer's sunset, from the globe of a dewdrop to the rounding of a world, declares that. But there was one secret about God that was wrapped up in a scroll of parchment, and it staid there until apostolic hand unrolled that scroll and let out upon the world the startling fact, which it could never have auralized, never guessed, never expected, that He loved our human race so ardently that He will pardon sin and subdue the offender with a Divine kiss and turn foaming malefactors into worshipers before the throne. Oh, I am so glad that the secret is out and

that it can never again be veiled! Tell it to all the stinging, suffering, dying race; tell it in song and sermon, on canvas and in marble, on arch and pillar; tell it all around the earth—"God is love."

Notice that the wisest men of the nations for thousands of years did not, amid their idolatries, make something to represent this feeling, this emotion. They had a Jove, representing might; Neptune, the god of the sea; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Venus, the goddess of base appetite; Ceres, the goddess of corn, and an Odin, and an Osiris, and a Titus, and a Juggernaut, and whole pantheons of gods and goddesses, but no shrine, no carved image, no sculptured form has suggested a god of pure love. That was beyond human brala. It took a God to think that, a God to project that, a God let down from Heaven to achieve that.

Fear is the dominant thought in all false religions. For that the devotees cut themselves with lances and swing on iron hooks and fall under wheels and hold up the right arm so long that they cannot take it down. Fear, brutish fear! But love is the queen in our religion. For that we build temples. For that we kneel at our altars. For that we contribute our alms. For that martyrs suffered at Brussels market place and at Lucknow and Cawnpur and Peking. That will yet bejewel the round earth and put it an emerald on the great, warm, throbbing heart of God.

The world has had many specimens of slandered men and women, their motives slandered, their habits slandered—slandered until they got out of the world, and then perhaps honored by elaborate eulogium and tall shaft of granite, all four sides chieled with the story of how good and great they were. But no one under the heavens or over the heavens has been so much slandered as God. Had men have fought against Him and have thought they heard His voice in the crash of a thunderstorm, but have not seen Him in the sunshine of the spring morning. They have blamed Him for wrongs which they had done themselves. The aught of a church building excites their disgust. They like the madrigal of a saloon better than the dogology of a temple. They do not want to live with Him in Heaven, but would prefer on leaving this world to go into some realm where God has abdicated the throne and from which He is exiled forever. The reason is they do not know Him. They do not realize the fact that God is the best friend this world ever had or ever will have, and that He would do more for their happiness than anyone in the wide universe; that He would help them in the wear and tear and tussle of this life; that He would hush their sorrows; that He would help cure the evil habits with which they sometimes struggle; that He would at their request not only forgive but forget the wrong things in their life. Yes, forget! And that is the only thing that God ever does forget—pardoned transgression. The best memory in the universe is God's memory, and He remembers all that has transpired in all time and in all eternity save one kind of occurrence. That passes completely out of His memory. He declares: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Do you want more proof that "God is love"? Yes, disinterested love. No compensation for its bestowal. No reward for its sacrifices. But I call that back. The world did pay Him. It paid Him on Calvary, paid Him with brambles on the brow and four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet, and one spear for the side near the heart; paid Him in excretion; paid Him with straw pillow in a barn and a cross on a hill; paid Him with a third of a century of maltreatment and hardship save one year—yes, He paying Him yet in rejection of His mission of mercy. Having dethroned other kings, the world would like to dethrone the King of kings. But He knew what He was coming to when He left the portals of pearl and in the land where the sun never goes down. Yes, He knew the world, how cold it is, and knew pain, how sharp it is, and the night, how dark it is, and explanation, how execrable it is. Out of vast eternity He looked forward and saw Pilate's criminal courtroom, and the rocky bluff with three crosses, and the lacerated body in mortuary surroundings, and heard the thunders toll at the funeral of Heaven's favorite, and understood that the palaces of eternity would hear the sorrow of a bereft God.

What do the Bible and the church liturgies mean when they say: "He descended into hell"? They mean that His soul left His sacred body for awhile and went down into the prison of moral night, and swung back its great door, and lifted the chain of captivity, and felt the awful lash that would have come down on the world's back, and wept the tears of an eternal sacrifice, and took the bolt of Divine indignation against sin into Himself, and, having vanquished death and hell, came out and came up, having achieved an eternal rescue if we will accept it.

Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean put on that ocean four swift-sailing craft, and let one sail to the north, and one to the south, and one to the east, and one to the west, and let them sail on a thousand years, and after that let them all return and some one hail the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their four voices would respond: "No shore! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

### The Cork Tree.

The cork tree is an evergreen, and oak, quercus suber, about the size of our apple tree, and grown largely in Spain for commercial uses.



